**Say That We're Sweethearts Again**

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# Say That We're Sweethearts Again

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Will has taken up a new type of fishing.

Notes

If you have never heard this song before, you are missing out:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TLNql9aAjf0

See the end of the work for more notes

“What a *lovely* ring. A shame you're married, though.”

Will accepted his drink from the bartender, smiling as he turned to the man who had slid up to him at the hotel bar. He’d baited his hook, and finally had a nibble.

Hannibal was in the process of purchasing a house with a beachside view, so that Will could go out and fish as he pleased. But ever since he and Hannibal had finally come to terms with each other, ever since Will had come to terms with himself, he had found a new excitement in a new kind of fishing. Fishing for men, to quote Christ.

Fishing was all about anticipation more than the actual kill. The kill was the anticlimax. The true thrill was reeling in the perfect catch. And Will took ample time to survey his potential catch.

He was about the same height as Will, with slicked back black hair and a greasy smile to match. Well dressed, though, Will would give him credit for that. Ordering an expensive glass of wine and looking over Will in a way Hannibal would snap a neck over.

*Perfect.*

Hannibal wasn’t there with Will this night, he had decided that he was going to clean the fridge. How mundane their life would sound unless one knew exactly who was in their fridge. Perhaps Hannibal wouldn't’ mind fresh meat, save him the trouble. He’d tried to keep Will home this evening, wanting to keep him and his finely tailored suit at home.

“You may drink all you like *here,* Will.”

“Cabin fever,” Will had sighed, putting on his new coat that cost too much but Hannibal insisted it matched his eyes perfectly. He smiled just before he left. “I promise I won’t be out too late.”

And now that Will had a nibble on his line, it was time to let the man play with his own life. Will smiled smoothly, leaning back on his bar stool. The man’s eyes were scanning over him in a familiar way. Not just lust, although that was certainly there. No, he knew that look carefully hidden away from the public perception.

Bloodlust. This man was a killer. Quite possibly the one Hannibal had read about in the newspaper earlier that week. A few men and women had been found brutally murdered, last seen in bars and clubs around the town.

Will looked down at his wedding ring, a thick black band with a blood diamond in the center. “Oh, this old thing?” he said softly, putting on a mask of hesitation and awkwardness. So *easy* to slip into. “My husband, he, uh, he’s got very *particular* tastes.”

“I can tell,” the man grinned, obviously feeling like the shark and Will was the minnow. “So do I. What's your name?”

“Kore,” Will said, a little too hurried so he appeared eager. “Patrick Kore. And your name is…?”

“Dominic Garcia,” the man grinned, lifting a glass in a toast. “And where is your lucky husband, Patrick?”

“Oh, he’s out of town this weekend,” Will said, sighing wistfully, then in a scandalized whisper, “Thank god, he gets - *rough,* you know. He’s rather *possessive.”*

He knew that from Dominic’s position and the dim light of the bar the prominent hickey on his neck would look like a severe bruise, and he could nearly *feel* the heat in the look he received.

“Well, that's such a shame,” Dominic tsked, offering to buy Will another drink, which he accepted. “A fine man like you, held captive by some sort of *monster.”*

Will credited his current facial expression to having a pack of dogs for years, and knowing that his puppy eyes worked on Hannibal "the Cannibal" Lecter, so they absolutely melted this poor soul.

They had another drink, and Will painted Dominic a pretty picture of a lonely man, *desperate* for company and for someone to appreciate him. Dominic liked the *illusion* of control over Will, liked the idea of seducing this poor, helpless man and possibly killing him afterwards.

“Would you, um,” Will asked softly, reeling his catch in on a line. “Would you like to... come over to my place?”

Dominic really must have thought he was charming with that look, Will had to suppress an eyeroll. He gave him directions to his place, telling him to meet him there in an hour, he wanted to look...*nice,* and make sure his husband wouldn’t be there, surprising him by coming home early. He even winked as he left the bar, and felt himself smile afterwards as he made his way back to the house.

He wondered what was the best possible way to inquire about any health concerns that might taint the meat.

“Honey, I’m home,” Will said dryly, hanging up his coat by the door and making his way into the living room. Hannibal looked up from where he was reading his book in his chair and wrinkled his nose slightly.

“What is that smell?”

“Nice to see you, too,” Will grinned, heading into the kitchen for the leftover panna cotta Hannibal had tried to hide behind the roast in the fridge. Oh, Hannibal was going to be insufferable all night.

“Will. *Who's* cologne do smell?”

“I just talked with the most fascinating man in the bar, *darling,”* Will said sweetly, taking a ramekin of panna cotta and setting on the counter. He reached into the drawer for a spoon.

*"Did you*, now?" Will could practically *taste* the sourness in his husband's tone. He nodded, sticking the spoon in the desert and then sliding it into his mouth, deliberately slow. He could see Hannibal subtly swallowing in an attempt to control himself. "And *what,* precisely, made this man say that you found so fascinating?"

"He's a killer," Will smirked, coming around to the front of the counter and leaning against it, taking another spoonful of the panna cotta. Hannibal stared at him heatedly, looking over the suit he knew Will shouldn't have gone out wearing. It fit *too* well in all the right places, and looked absolutely *delicious* on him, pulling and accentuating all of his features. Even the color was perfect. Why would he wear it to-

*Will had gone fishing again.* And he nocited the second Hannibal realized the real reason he went out that evening. He smirked, licking the creamy dessert off of the spoon in a frankly *obscene* manner.

"He's coming over soon," Will said offhandedly. "Too eager, honestly. Can't really tell if he wants to fuck or kill me more. Maybe both, though I don't want to know the order. Or maybe both *at the same time."*

That did it, and Will knew it when Hannibal firmly slammed his book shut and stood up from his chair. It seemingly only took three strides for Hannibal to cross the room completely, lifting Will up onto the counter, pushing him back into a kiss. Will stretched his neck out, trying to get comfortable as he was pressed back on the counter and knocked over the ramekin of panna cotta, shattering it on the floor.

"Oops," he smirked as Hannibal bit down where his neck connected to his shoulder. "Now the set won't match."

"Fuck the ramekin."

"Then go to town with it, because you're not fucking me. Not yet, at least," Will laughed as he pulled himself back up, pushing Hannibal away. Hannibal growled deep from the back of his throat, kissing where he had bit earlier.

"You're bringing him into our house. I should snap his neck at the door."

"No, Hannibal, I'm still reeling him in. Would you be a dear and wait upstairs while I lull him into a false sense of security." Will kissed Hannibal on the nose and jumped down from the counter and strolling over to the window in the kitchen, using his reflection as a mirror. He undid his tie, letting it loosely hang around his neck. Hannibal could strangle him with it or yank him into a deep kiss, and he knew that was the idea. He undid the top button and rolled up the sleeves of his crisp white shirt, and Hannibal was ready to give in right then and there when there was a knock at the door. Will smirked, and his face twisted into an expression of pure innocence. "Just a minute, Dominic."

*Dominic,* so that was the *pig's* name. He was ready to tear him apart now, but Will pushed him towards the foyer. "Go upstairs, Hannibal, I'll call you when you can kill him."

Hannibal just barely managed to not resist. He'd let Will have his fun, and Will smiled and kissed his cheek as he left the room.

Will adjusted himself so he looked disheveled enough, then went over to the front door and opened it, batting his eyes. *"Hello.* Sorry about the wait, my husband called. I couldn't let him hear you, you know."

Hannibal did not go upstairs. He waited in the foyer to listen to the entire conversation, and watched as Will invited the man in, offering to pour him a drink. "Do you mind if I put a record on?"

The pig apparently did not mind, and Hannibal had to suppress an eye roll as Will put on his favorite old Hollywood track he had found in an antique shop: Virginia O'Brien, "Say That We're Sweethearts Again."

*I never knew*

*That our romance had ended*

*Until you poisoned my food*

"So, uh," Will said shyly, but leaning up against the counter in a blatantly seductive manner, "What do you do, Dominic?"

Dominic was too close to Will, Hannibal was watching from where he was on the staircase, at an angle where he could see them but he was obstructed by the chandelier. At any rate, this *Dominic* was too close. *He better not* - oh, *now* he had a *hand* on Will's *shoulder,* he was dead meat. He wasn't even worth the Burgundy sauce Hannibal had planned to use, so he started to internally rewrite the recipe.

*Though I tried to be aloof*

*When you pushed me off the roof*

*I feel our romance is dead*

"So where is the husband in question?" Dominic asked, after too many glasses of whiskey. He had obviously underestimated Will's tolerance, as his words were starting to slur. Will smiled a little.

"Oh, he's out on business," he shrugged, topping off his own glass. "He's always out and about, you know."

*But no, no you didn't even scold me*

*You just tried to disfigure my face*

Dominic laughed then, too loudly, like Will had told the best joke in the world. Hannibal gripped the banister tightly, his nails digging into the flawless varnish. The pig was still giggling slightly, and Will was encouraging him. He was still leaning against the counter, letting the suit pull at him in all the right ways, and smiling. Hannibal was furious.

*You said that you pushed me off the boat to put out the flame*

*But I've never understood why you held my head underwater for so long*

"Since he's out," Dominic drawled, "Would he mind if I stayed here? With you?"

Yes, Hannibal though, not making a sound as he crept down one stair. He was going to give Will one last chance. And Will promptly took that chance and crushed it with the look he gave the pig.

"Oh, he'd be absolutely *pissed,"* he smirked. Dominic's hand was sliding down Will's shoulder, down his arm, until it reached his hand, and then tried to *hold it.*

"Well then, in that case…"

That was *it.*

Will watched as Hannibal silently came down the stairs, murder glowing in his eyes as he made his way behind Dominic, every silent footstep in tune to the end of the song Will was humming.

*You'll never know how this heart mine is breaking*

*It looks so hopeless, but then*

*Our love is great, no love can match it*

*Darling, please put down that hatchet*

*And say that we're sweethearts again.*

Dominic's head was abruptly smashed against the hard granite countertop and he dropped to the ground, unconscious. Will only sipped his glass as he shook his head.

"Oh, you throw a hissy fit whenever I don't use a coaster on the counter, but you can just crack a head on the-"

Hannibal took the glass out of Will's hand and set it down so hard on the counter that it chipped the bottom, causing whiskey to run a little river down onto the unconscious man below.

*"Will."* Hannibal's voice was low and deadly serious, and so, *so* arousing. *Exactly* what Will had been hoping to get out of the man tonight.

"Will. What, exactly, were you fishing for tonight?"

Will only pouted, biting his lip gently. "What makes you think I wanted something? You'll give me anything if I asked, why tease you?"

"Torture, for all that I've done to you, to us. Apparently throwing us over a cliff was not enough?"

"This gets under your skin more," Will grinned, and Hannibal couldn't resist leaning in for a kiss when Dominic groaned from where he had collapsed, rolling over to look up right into Will's amused expression, and the face of - well, whoever he was, that wasn't a *human* expression. Suddenly terrified, he started to crawl for the door. Will looked back at Hannibal and batted his eyes once.

"Kill him for me?" he asked sweetly. *"Pretty please,* darling?"

Without a second thought, Hannibal strode right over to Dominic and snapped his neck in a nice clean break. He dropped him back on the ground to pull Will into his arms, kissing every available patch of skin, occasionally dropping kisses in his hair as well. "You try my patience," he muttered. Will only smirked.

"I know. Do you still love me?"

"More than anything in this life or the next, Will," Hannibal whispered against Will's jaw line. "I love you."

"Perfect," Will whispered back, letting Hannibal kiss him deeply and then slid his hand into his pants, only to pull away when Hannibal growls softly. He blinked at him innocently.

"Clean up your mess, Hannibal."

"You brought him here."

*"I* was going to kill him in the basement, darling. Where I am *supposed* to kill whoever I catch," he teases, poking Hannibal in the chest. "Looks like you don't follow your own rules, *doctor."*

“All rules are meant to be broken, Will. And how was I to know that was your intention, love? For all I knew, you could have brought him upstairs to our bedroom and killed him while you were-”

“Screwing him?” Will supplied, quirking an eyebrow in amusement. “Darling, as if I would even get up one stair.” He kissed Hannibal on the cheek and slipped out from where he was pressed up against the counter, turned and headed out to the foyer, Hannibal follows him on instinct. Will turns as he goes up two stairs and rolls his eyes as he smiles at him, pushing him back with one finger on his nose.

“Darling,” he purrs, and Hannibal debates the pros and cons of christening their staircase, right here, right now. “Clean up your mess.” He goes down one more step so he’s nearly nose-to-nose with Hannibal, ducking down and kissing him quickly before pulling away and winking. “I’d be *so* grateful, Hannibal. *Very* grateful.”

Hannibal Lecter is whipped, Will thinks to himself as he watches the man turn right around and go back to clean up the body. He makes his way up the stairs, then pausing when he reaches the top, leaning over the bannister. “Hannibal, don’t start cleaning and storing him without me. Just put him away. If you're not done in ten minutes, I will start without you.”

Will rarely has his shirt off before he feels Hannibal's’ arms around him, pulling him close against his chest and peppering little kisses and bites down his neck.

*Good night’s catch,* Will thinks hazily to himself.

End Notes

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